

Glasgow Weekly Times.

DEVOTED TO POLITICAL, AGRICULTURAL, COMMERCIAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOL. 13.

CITY OF GLASGOW, THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 2, 1852.

NO. 40.

TALLY & MATTHEWS,
CABINET MAKERS.
Water Street, Glasgow.
Will make to order, in the neatest and most fashionable style, and from the best materials all kinds of FURNITURE.
Particular attention paid to making COFFINS.
Also—Patent Metallic Coffins kept constantly on hand.
Shop second door above the Post Office.
September 2, 1852.

DOCTORS' VAUGHAN & CAMPBELL,
have associated themselves in the practice of Medicine, &c., &c. Office next door to Dr. V's residence.
August 7, 1851.

F. A. SAVAGE,
DEALER IN FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
DRY GOODS, BOOTS AND SHOES,
Hats, Caps, Hard and Soft, &c., &c.,
Water Street, Glasgow, Mo.

CARLOS BOARDMAN,
Attorney at Law, Lincolns, Linn County, Mo.
WILL continue the practice of the Law, in Linn and the adjoining counties. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.
April 3, 1851.

LOGAN D. DAMERON,
DEALER IN
Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods,
Water Street, Glasgow, Mo.
KEEPS constantly on hand a general assortment of seasonable goods.

JOHN C. CRAWLEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, GLASGOW, MO.,
WILL give prompt attention to all business entrusted to him in the Courts of Howard and adjoining counties.
Office with Dr. Vaughan & Campbell.
Glasgow, June 19, 1851—4f.

PREWITT & HENRY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, FAYETTE, MO.,
WILL attend to all business entrusted to them in Howard, and the counties adjoining. Particular attention paid to collecting.
Office in Crigler's Frame building two doors above the Receiver's Office.
November 15, 1849—y.

G. H. BURCKHARTT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, HUNTSVILLE, MO.
WILL practice law in the counties of Randolph, Chariton, Howard, Boone, Monroe, Adair and Schuyler. All business entrusted to him will receive his prompt attention.
Office in the second story above McCampbell & Coate's store.
[Oct 24—34.]

THOS. SHACKELFORD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, GLASGOW, MO.,
WILL practice in the Courts of Howard, Saline, Cooper, Randolph and Chariton counties. Office on first street.

F. W. DIGGES & CO.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUGGISTS,
(Corner of Market and Water street.)
GLASGOW, MO.

DR. H. WALKER,
OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of the place and vicinity.
Office at Dr. Henderson's Drug Store, and residence at the Glasgow House, at one of which places he can always be found, when not professionally absent.
Glasgow, Jan 15, 1852

GLASGOW HOUSE,
OPPOSITE STEAM BOAT LANDING,
Water Street, Glasgow, Mo.

THIS large and commodious house is open for the reception of travellers and resident boarders. Having procured a competent assistant, the proprietor feels confident that entire satisfaction will be given to all.
Good stables conveniently situated, attended by careful hostlers. Stage office for the East, West, and North also kept here.
Bar supplied with choice Liquors, Wines, and Cigars.
May 6, 1852. EMILY A. CHILES.

A. F. DENNY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ST. LOUIS, MO.,
WILL give prompt attention to all business entrusted to him in the Courts of Howard and adjoining counties.
Office in the new Post Office buildings.
May 13, 1852.

SADDLE AND TRUNK MANUFACTORY,
ROPER & BROTHER,
Manufacturers of Saddles, Harness, Trunks, and every description of Saddlery.
Water Street, Glasgow.
April 29, 1852.

NEW ESTABLISHMENT.
CLOCKS, WATCHES,
JEWELRY, SILVER WARE, &c.
S. W. ROBERTSON

BEGS to announce to the citizens of Glasgow, and surrounding country, that he has just received and opened an entirely new and fashionable assortment of Jewellery, consisting in part of Fine Gold and Silver Lever Watches, different styles.
Ladies' Breast and Cuff Pins, Bracelets, Ear Rings, Silver Ware, Spectacles, Cutlery, &c.
Together with other articles usually called for, which will receive prompt attention.
He is also prepared to manufacture any article of Jewellery or Silver Ware, according to any pattern desired.
Cash paid for old Gold and Silver.
Watches and Clocks repaired and warranted.
Shop, Water street, first door above Nanson & Robbins'. [Glasgow, Aug. 12.]

DR. E. CRAIN'S
Spino-Abdominal Supporter and Shoulder Brace.
DIGGES & CO., have on hand a small assortment of the above instruments, which they offer to those affected with the diseases for which they are intended.
[June 10]

Pure Quinine.
I am now in receipt of a large lot of Quinine, consisting of five oz. and over, the following articles: Bureaus, Chairs, Tables, Sofas, Bedsteads, Lounges, Wash Stands, Safes, Writing Desks, Cribbs, &c.
J. S. THOMSON.

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J. S. THOMSON.

THE TIMES.

BY CLARK H. GREEN.
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.
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\$1 per square of 12 lines or less, for the First Insertion, and Fifty Cents for subsequent ones. Liberal deductions to Yearly Advertisers.

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Cambridge—JOHN H. GROVE.
Chillicothe—W. C. SAMUEL.
Milan—STEPHENS, HINES & CO.

ARKANSAS LEGISLATURE.—This body met on the 1st inst., and organized by electing B. F. Jett, of Hempstead, Speaker of the House, and Thos. B. Hanly, of Phillips, President of the Senate.

DELAWARE.—The returns of the recent election in Delaware show that the Whigs have a majority of four in the Legislature on joint ballot. This secures a Whig U. S. Senator.

THE PRESIDENT ELECT.—It is stated that the President elect intends shortly to pass through Baltimore on his way to Virginia, where he will spend the winter.

THE extent of Parson Brownlow's influence, in Knoxville Tenn., may be inferred from the fact that his ticket—the Webster ticket—received precisely one vote. It cannot be hard to say who gave it.

Mr. Hale's vote is unexpectedly small—probably it will not reach 75,000, though it was expected to exceed 200,000.

INDIAN AGENT.—The President has appointed ROBERT B. LAMBRIN, of this State, Indian Agent on the Upper Missouri.

MASSACHUSETTS.—There is no election for Governor, neither candidate having received a majority. The vote stood: Clifford, Whig, 61,232; Bishop, Democrat, 38,636; Hale, Abolition, 25,880; scattering 433. To the Senate ten Whigs and eight Democrats are elected, leaving twenty-two vacancies. To the House there are ninety-two Whigs and seventy-seven of all shades of opposition, leaving a large number of vacancies.

Mrs. Duncan, in "America as I found it," gives the following hotel incident:—One day, being at leisure to observe the proceedings of my neighbors, I saw a very respectable-looking lady reduce one-half of an oval slice of bread to the shape of a horseshoe by a goodly bite that she took out of the middle. This lady introduced herself to me in the saloon, and O—Dickens! O Trollope! can ye bear the dismal truth?—she told me she was a Londoner!

President SHANNON, we learn from the Columbia Statesman, left that place on Saturday week for Louisiana, on business connected with the estate of a deceased brother.

U. S. SENATE.—After the fourth of March there will be in the Senate thirty-nine Democrats, twenty-one Whigs, and two Free Soilers.

The New Cabinet.
Here is another speculation by a correspondent of the N. Y. Express:

Caleb Cushing, of Mass., Secretary of State.
Robt. M. T. Hunter, of Va., Secretary of Treasury.
Jesse D. Bright, of Ia., Secretary of Interior.

Armistead Burt, of S. C., Secretary of War.
Fred. P. Stanton, of Tenn., Secretary of Navy.
Elson B. Olds, of Ohio, Postmaster General.

Pierre Soule, of La., Attorney General. It will not be answered for the new President to call any one of the "Old Fogies" to a Cabinet station, to the exclusion of the rest; but he can give them foreign missions, collectorships, &c. Mr. James Buchanan would make a good Minister to England, and Mr. Henry A. Wise, who is not an Old Fogie, might answer for a Minister to France.

It will not answer to call to a Cabinet station any man from any State, where there are two rival wings to the Democracy.—Therefore Messrs. Dickinson, Dix, and Van Buren of New York; Foote, Davis and Quitman, of Mississippi; and Cobb and McDonald, of Georgia, will not be apt, either of them, to get into the Cabinet, and the same reason will exclude Missourians.

THE MERRY FRIAR.

"I am a friar of orders grey."—Says.

On one of those warm evenings of July, when indolence reigns triumphant alike over the sunburnt laborer and the lord for whom he tills and toils, a sleek, though humble son of the church (one of the class denominated mendicant friars, who, in the olden time had a "roving commission" to fight in the good cause of the established faith) was solacing himself in the agreeable shade of a wide-spreading elm, which extended its protecting branches over a most inviting nook of green turf, beside which trickled a tiny rivulet; this worthy priest-errant, I say, was solacing himself with cheese of ewe's milk and dry crust from his scrip, when a young knight, unattended, came winding through the green lane upon his steed, both, in truth, appearing travel-weary.

"Good even to thee father," said the knight, courteously accosting the friar.

"Good knight—good even," replied the other.

"By'r lady!—father, thou hast chosen a cool retreat."

"And yet 'tis a marvel, sir knight, that thou should'st admire that which thy valor would scorn."

"How—what should my valor scorn?"

"Marry, sir knight, a retreat to be sure," quoth the friar; "for of a verity you of the sword and buckler notoriously prefer the use of your arms to your legs; while we, the servants of the church, have (like scolds) only our tongues for our weapons."

"Beskew me, sir friar, but thou art a wag," cried the knight, "and I'll have a word with thee."

"Nay, I pray thee, valiant, have no words with me," interrupted the friar, "for I'm inclined to no quarrel; I am a preacher of peace, who am right glad to win a little piece for my preaching."

"A quarrel—by my knighthood! I'm more inclined to rest and good-fellowship, holy friar."

"And by my monkhood! so am I! and yet who shall look upon us twain and aver we are not hostile?" said the friar; "the merest clown, that hath no more brains in his codpiece than my walking stick, regarding thy casque and my shaven crown, would in his obtuse perception, proclaim a difference between us; and what's a difference but a quarrel?"

"Nay, then, let's fall to, and fair words be our weapons," answered the knight, falling in with his humor and dismounting, seated himself down by the friar.

"Agreed," quoth the friar; "and so begins and ends the contest in green sward combat! Now catch thee on this green sward comfortably; and far better is it for thee to be beside me, or even a same logger, than beside thyself, for then thou wouldst be mad of a surety."

"By my fay, an' then be'st not as droll a clerk as ever girded up his leins in sackcloth and hemp. But father, how fits this humor with thy serious vocation?"

"Truly like a light heart and a clear conscience upon a full stomach. Garb him as ye list, a man's still a man. It's my nature to be blithe and therefore do I hold it to sinful to sport a mask of gravity. Some who wear the cowl look upon it as a symbol of sadness as well as sanctity; for my part, I honestly confess I regard my cowl only as a lively hood! and yet—" continued the friar, with mock-seriousness, placing his palms upon his capacious corporals—"behold how my mirthfulness and good-humor runneth to—wait! O! it's a sad world we live in, sir knight."

The knight laughed heartily at the jocosities of the jolly friar, and almost imperceptibly began to quibble in the same strain; albeit, he preferred rather to prove the good humored gravity of his companion than to hear himself discourse.

"Only to see how wit engendereth wit," cried the friar, "as naturally as bears beget cubs, or wolves and churchmen—prey!"

By St. George, sir knight, we are well met, and by the good will we'll part not ere we drink a chirping-cup together. A league hence stands a hostelry, where I purpose to spend the night and a mark to boot, for beshrew me an' there be not as good a flagon of wine to be had there as ever made a dull eye or a light head."

"Have with thee, then," replied the knight, for I lack reflection after a hard day's ride; and I would faint reach our destination ere nightfall."

"And yet nightfall can have no terrors for thee," said the friar, "for in thy time thou must have seen many a knight fall, even at noon-day!"

"Ay, truly, many a brave knight have I seen cast from his seat, who hath borne his discomfiture with a grace and equanimity worthy—"

"Worthy the throw, naifless," interposed the friar, laughing; "with nothing but a cracked crown to support his dignity withal. And this is what you men of valor term sport. Heaven save me from such jests, quotha! A doughty knight making another appear foolish, wherefore peradventure the king maketh him a foolish peer, and thus the game runs!"

"Nay, I charge thee—" "Charge me not, I pray thee, sir knight," quickly retorted the friar, "for I am unarmed; I bear neither arms nor malice, albeit, in a sort, I may myself be termed a buckler—seeing that I am a priest of Hymen, and licensed to tack together the sexes."

"Goto, friar, I'm no match for thee."

"No, the church allows us no match.—The priest takes, but doth not tax himself with a wife. The progeny of mother church are all children by adoption! But, beseech thee, mount, sir knight and let us jog on; and thanks to thy company that will make the wayfarer's way farer."

Having, after a short progress, rendered shorter by the pleasantness of the friar, arrived at the aforementioned hostelry, where the mendicant was instantly recognized and right heartily welcomed, the knight provided his steed with good quarters, and a liberal supply of corn, unshared, and sat down with the friar to the discussion of the promised flagon, which was agreeably accompanied by the corner of a coney-pie and the remnant of a delicious pastry, to which a healthy appetite gave unusual relish.

Filling a horn with the sparkling wine, the knight said, "I'll give thee, friar, the Church of England!"

"And I thee—belles!" replied the friar significantly, quaffing his measure at a single draught; and it was evident enough by the thickness of his speech and the stupid glare of his small grey eyes, that his wit was tottering.

"I fear me, most delectable friar," said the knight, who was drooping as fast as his boon companion "that thou art incorrigible. Thou wilt assuredly drop into the embraces of sleep with a jest in thy mouth."

"It's all nature—and nature—the force of nature, most valiant knight, is irresistible. I confess my errors—my errors—and here's a parallel—a parallel 'twixt my profession and my confession. My profession is mendicant;—my confession is—mind I can't!"

And so saying, down rolled the burly friar and the sturdy knight upon the floor of the hostelry, in the rushes whereof they found a sweet and sound repose.

Stealing his own Property.

In Haverhill, Massachusetts, there once lived a man by the name of Herriman, who, in the opinion of the neighborhood, where he resided, was no honest man but he should have been.

The farmers would, now and then, lose a sturdy bullock from their fold, and occasionally a fat weather would be missing from the flock. The neighbors strongly suspected that they helped to supply Herriman's meat cart, or fill his beef barrel, but they could never detect him in a theft, and no circumstances ever fastened suspicion upon him so clearly as to warrant his arrest. Herriman knew what people thought of him, but cared nothing for their thoughts while they had no proof.

In the same neighborhood there lived an avocations, close-fisted old fellow, by the name of Smith, a farmer, rich, but not a whit more honest than Herriman.

Smith's herd was the fattest in town, and Herriman coveted their flesh. One day he accosted Smith thus: "Smith," says he, "I know where there is a nice fat steer, and if you have a mind to catch, and butcher him we'll divide the meat."

"Agreed," says Smith, and the same night was fixed upon for the adventure.

At an early hour of the same night Herriman goes to Smith's pasture, driving his fattest bullock into another field, and least Smith should recognize him, dubs a good coat of black paint over his white forehead.

About ten o'clock Smith hurries over to Herriman's and in less than half an hour they have the steer in the barn and are busily engaged in dressing him.

Pretty soon some marks upon the animal lead Smith to suspect that he had been stealing his own property.

"Herriman," says he, "this looks like one of my cattle, and see here, right ear cropped and slit, and paint, paint, by— it is my white faced steer!"

"Hush, hush," said Herriman, "I know all that, but by—don't tell it."

Smith kept on dressing, took his half of the steer, and held his tongue.

THE DAYS GONE BY.

The burthen of the world's old song,
Must have its share of truth,
That the most honored life and long
Was happier in youth.

It is not only Memory's cheat
That prompts the heart's deep sigh,
When "mid prosperity's defeat,
We think of days gone by.

A feeling lost, we know not what,
Sweet, because undefined,
Replaced by knowledge sadly got,
The cancer of the mind;

A glory on the youthful head,
A brightness in the eye,
Hues of our native heathenage fled
Among those days gone by.

Yes, O my friend, if this be sooth,
Yet faint not, but be sure
The vanished freshness of your youth
Was ignorant, not pure.

Heaven's glories may again be won,
And, streaming from on high,
As after moonset comes the sun,
Outshine the days gone by.

Dr. Beecham in his "Essay on Women," says: "I have made women my study for a series of years, but I never found one who stuttered. I met with any number of men every day who st-st-stammer, but never have I seen a woman who couldn't blow an unbroken blast."

Fanny Fern on Widows.

Fanny is going it on a high figure this morning; she's down on the widows!

I hate widows. They are the very ——— I heard the heathen called benighted; they've sense enough to burn widows when their husbands die, and that's a step further in civilization than we have taken. There's nothing like 'em. If they make up their mind to marry a man, it's done. I know one that was terribly afraid of thunder and lightning, and every time a storm came up, she would run into Mr. Smith's house, [he was a widower,] and clasp her little hands, and fly around till the man was half-distracted for fear she would get killed, and the consequence was, she was Mrs. John Smith, before three thunder storms had rattled over her head. Wasn't that diplomatic?

Then there's that little blue-eyed Widow Wilkins. Didn't she drop her prayer book coming out of church, for my hands—some husband to pick up? And didn't I see him squeeze her hand when he handed it back to her? And when I told him a long rigmarole of a story, going home, to divert his mind from a little miss, didn't he answer "yes" and "no," at random, and laugh in the wrong place? And didn't he the next morning put salt in his coffee, and sugar on his bed-stead?

And won't she be Samuel Jones No. 2? Answer me that! I should like to cut her up into inch pieces with a dull jack-knife.

But it's no use to struggle against fate. I shall have to put my pride in my pocket and tell Samuel it is my request that he should marry her when I am gone, and that will "pull wool" over the eyes of the people, and save his credit, for he'll have her if an earthquake should be the consequence.

It's astonishing, widows will be so indelicate as to doff their weeds. It's nothing more nor less than a walking advertisement for another husband. Mrs. Lee was spending a short time, in her new regimentals, when one of the ladies at the tea-table, struck with a sudden thought, said, very innocently—"By the way, Mrs. Lee, where is your husband?" I should have been very sorry to have told where I thought he was, for the way he used to swear when he talked, was awful to mention!

Now, what a glorious example I'd give to the sex, if Providence should see fit to make me a widow! I wonder if Samuel will pop off! I should hate to put my curls behind my ears, but I'd do it, and I wouldn't so much as look at a man unless it was Tom King. Wonder if he'd marry me! Well!—there now! I've spoken in meeting! It can't be helped now, as Deacon Smith said, when his daughter surprised him, kissing Widow Moore—"It's natur', Sally! it's natur'!"

Gen. Pierce and his New York Advocates.

We place the following on record as a statement by far too important to be overlooked by our readers. Comment is not needed to point out its significance. The Evening Post speaks:

"If the support of the original enemies of the Compromise was so fatal to a Presidential candidate, how did it happen that Pierce, who was supported upon the stump, more or less in all the States North and South, and most exclusively in the State of New York, by men who were no better pleased with a portion of the Compromise measures than William H. Seward, should have run so well? The two most active, and we may add with propriety, the two most effective advocates of General Pierce's election in New York, were General Dix and John Van Buren. Two-thirds of all the speaking and writing in behalf of the Democratic nominee in this State, during the late canvass, were the work of Democrats who voted for Mr. Van Buren in 1848, and would have voted against the Compromise if they had had an opportunity."

"And yet we look in vain for the evidence of defection which, according to the Whig theory, their support should have furnished. The Evening Post was opposed to the Compromise, and never hesitated to express its contempt for that part of the Baltimore declaration of principles in which the Compromise is defended, and yet we have no reason to suppose that our humble labors in behalf of General Pierce have lessened any of his majorities."

"If any one will take the trouble to contrast the vote given in New York State this fall for General Pierce, when embarrassed with the support of such men as Dix, and Van Buren, and Church, and such presses as the Albany Atlas, the Buffalo Republic, and the New York Evening Post, with the vote given four years ago for General Cass, who ran with no such impediments, they will remark a difference that is very far from confirming the theory of the Administration journals to which we have referred. Cass received but 114,000 out of 456,000 votes cast in this State at the Presidential election in 1848, or less than half of its aggregate Democratic vote. Pierce has received about 250,000, or considerably more than twice the vote given to Cass."

Wellington and Napoleon were born in the same year, 1769. The active professional careers of both of them were short. They began and ended in the same year.—They first met in 1805, when they fought their last battle.

They were forty-six years of age—Napoleon had gained his reputation when he was twenty-six, Wellington when he was thirty-four. Between the Duke's first great battle as an independent commander and his last—between Assaye and Waterloo—only twelve years elapsed.

An ingenious individual in Texas has just invented a strengthening plaster which will enable you to "take up" anything from a four month's note to a hogload of sugar.

THE DARK DAY OF MAY, 19, 1780.

The Boston Journal says: A friend recently placed in our hands a letter written more than seventy years ago, by Dr. Caleb G. Adams, of Exeter, N. H., to Gen. Nathaniel Folsom, of that town, who was at the time a member of the Provincial Congress, at Philadelphia. In the following passage, that well known phenomenon, the "Dark Day," which spread alarm, and in some cases consternation, through this part of the country, is described, with details which must prove deeply interesting to many of our readers. The letter is dated Exeter, 27, 1780:

"We had a very extraordinary phenomenon the 19th day of this month. In the morning it was rainy, till about 9 o'clock, when the clouds grew very thick, with the wind from south-west, in light breezes at 10; it was uncommonly dark, the clouds appearing of a yellowish hue."

At 11 the public school was dismissed, as being so dark that no person could read or write. It continued to grow darker till 12, when it was so dark that we could not tell one person from another in a room with three large windows. In short, it was mid-night darkness at noon-day. The fowls went to roost, and there was a strong smell of smoke. It had been very dry for a long time before, the wind having been at east for four or five days, which drove the smoke back to the westward, and when the wind shifted, it brought it all down in a body, which, together with the dense clouds, caused the darkness, which lasted till 3 o'clock p. m., before it began to grow light. Thousands of people, who could not account for it from natural causes, were greatly terrified, and indeed it cost a universal alarm on the earth. The flocks and night hawks began their notes. At 4 o'clock the wind shifted to the north-east, which brought the clouds back, and at sunset it was again very dark. At 9 o'clock it was darkness to be felt by more senses than one, and there was a strong smell of soot. Almost every one who happened to be out in the evening got lost in going home. The darkness was as uncommon in the night as it was in the day, as the moon had failed the day before."

INDIAN MARRIAGE PROHIBITION.—A young Indian failed in his attempts to a young squaw. She made complaints to an old chief, who appointed a hearing or trial. The lady laid the case before the judge, and explained the nature of the promise made to her. It consisted of sundry visits to her wigwam, many little unobtrusive attentions, and presents of a bunch of feathers and several yards of red flannel. This was the charge. The faithless swain denied the commission of any of the above, and nothing further. During the latter part of the defence the squaw flatted. The plea was considered invalid, and the offender sentenced to give the lady "a yellow feather a bunch that was then dangling from his nose, and a dozen even skins."

The sentence was no sooner concluded than the squaw sprung upon her feet, and clapping her hands exclaimed with joy, "Now we ready to be married again!"

SOUTH CAROLINA.

It will be recollected that in the canvass of members of the South Carolina Legislature which voted to throw the electoral vote of that State for Pierce and King, a protest was adopted declaring that State did not recognize in the Compromise measures. The Legislature, it now appears, had the good sense to reject this protest. The Charleston Constitutional Union says:

"The State is thus saved the ridiculous at-titude of supporting the Administration while seeking the overthrow of the Government. But more important more cheering results attach to this defeat of the protest against Mr. Pierce's Union principles. It is a proclamation that the war against the Union is at length to cease; that South Carolina is once more to come back into the Union; to renew her ancient glorious loyalty, and to exercise her legitimate influence in controlling its councils and shaping its destinies."

A VALUABLE VOLUME.—In the new novel of "Benjamin Medlicott," occurs the following passage:—"Mrs. Wyndham, as she looked that night at her mother's hall, was as charming a little duodecimo edition of woman-kind as you ever saw in the library of beauty. The milliner had bound her with extreme elegance; the jeweller had embellished her richly but simply; and if it would not be pushing the metaphor too far, it might be truly added that the contents of the volume were as pleasing as its exterior was attractive, every page being illustrated with good sense and illuminated with good humor."

SMOKE TURNED INTO FUEL.—A late number of the Scientific American states that the smoke in the factories of large cities in England and Scotland is now consumed, it having been made a penal offence by act of Parliament for any factory to allow the smoke to escape. The smoke is all burned by simple contrivances of furnaces. A commission of government first established that the burning of smoke was perfectly practicable, and Parliament then enforced the fact by law. The factory and mill owners soon found out how to fulfill the conditions of this law, and the result is, that they save a great deal of fuel by the operation.

A man in love is a man who wishes to be more amiable and agreeable than he can be, and this is the reason why almost all men in love are ridiculous.

What will Ruin Children.

To have parents exercise a partiality.—This practice is lamentably prevalent. The first born, or the last born, the only son or daughter; the beauty or the wit of a household; is too commonly set apart—Joseph like.

To be frequently put out of temper. A child ought always to be spared, as far as possible, all just cause of irritation; and never to be punished for wrong doing by taunts, cuffs and ridicule.

To be suffered to go uncorrected to-day the very thing for which chastisement was inflicted yesterday. With as much reason might a watch, which should be wound back half the time, be expected to run well, as a child thus trained, to become possessed of an estimable character.

To be corrected for accidental faults with the same severity as if they were those of intention.

The child who does ill when he meant to do well, merits pity not upbraidings. The disappointment to its young projector, attendant upon the disastrous failure of any little enterprise, is of itself sufficient punishment, even where the result was brought about by carelessness. To add more, is as cruel as it is hateful.

Parents who give a child to understand that they are a burden to them, need not be surprised should they one day be given to understand that they are a burden to him.

A young lady, a sensible girl, gives the following catalogue of the different kinds of love: "The sweetest, a mother's love; the longest, a brother's love; the strongest, a woman's love; the dearest, a man's love; and the sweetest, longest, strongest, dearest love—a love of a bonnet."

STATISTICS OF OLD FELLOWSHIP.

From the official reports made to the Grand Lodge of the United States for the year ending 30th of June last, we learn that there are in the United States two hundred thousand members. The revenue of the Order during the year is about one million two hundred thousand dollars, of which some five hundred and fifty thousand dollars were disbursed for benevolent purposes, viz: for the benefit of sick members, widowed families, or the schooling of orphan children.

The Newspaper in a Family.

A school teacher who has been engaged for a long time in his profession, and witnessed the influence of a newspaper upon the minds of a family of children, writes to the Ogdensburg Sentinel as follows: